"I would be most disappointed if you did," Spock replied, smiling. He pressed closer. It is difficult to lie beside you like this and not want you. You are an incredibly attractive individual.

Kirk flashed his brilliant grin. "It has its advantages." He kissed Spock again, and this time the passion was there. He opened the acquiescent lips with his tongue and explored Spock's mouth sensuously.

Spock's hands smoothed over the wide, muscled back down to the perfect buttocks. He cupped the cheeks and tugged Kirk's hips forward until their cocks rubbed, growing hard at the friction.

Kirk raised his head, catching his breath. His eyes were wide and full of wonder as he delicately traced Spock's strong features. "You know, this all feels very good, but...different somehow. From other sex, I mean. I can't explain why."

"Because it is different. Better. And it will be, for we will make it so." Spock sat up and looked down at the reclining form of his Captain. With deft, light fingers, he caressed the broad, square chest, lingering at the bronze nipples, flicking them erect, then swept over the stomach to the groin. His hand curved around the human's cock, thumb brushing over the tip maddeningly, causing Kirk to gasp and thrust upward in reaction. Spock tightened his grip for a moment, pumping Kirk deliberately, watching Kirk's entire body respond to the stimulation: breath quicken, muscles tense and relax rhymically, thighs opening to invite more intimacy.

Spock began teasing again, feather light touches on balls and inner thighs and pubic hair. Kirk groaned and raised his head questioningly, obviously expecting something more direct.

"You told me I needed more practice," Spock pointed out blandly. "This is all a little new to me."

Kirk looked a little surprised. "You've never been with a man before?"

Spock shook his head. "The idea never appealed to me until I began wanting you. I preferred other diversions."

"Yes, but...never?"

"No. I take it that you have?"

"Sure. When I was young...I didn't have much choice. On Tarsus IV--" He broke off, face darkening in memory. "Well, it kept me alive anyway. Maybe that's why I...couldn't accept being taken again...even if I liked it. Some memories die hard."

"And since then?" Spock probed curiously.

"A few. Nothing that terrific." A sneer marred his face. "I took that little bastard Checkov before I had him killed."

Spock regretted letting the subject arise. The gentleness had vanished from Kirk's face, leaving the familiar, hard expression. "Jim..." he said softly, trying to call him back.

The human's look softened, meeting the dark eyes. "I guess I should say...I'm sorry...for what I did to you." He let out a breath slowly, and touched Spock's cheek. "That wasn't as hard to say as I thought. I <u>am</u> sorry." Then he grinned mischieviously. "But I'm not sorry I shaved you. You're a hell of a lot prettier now."

"I am glad it pleases you," Spock said drily. "I surmise your real motivation was jealousy because you cannot grow one yourself." He stroked the smooth chest.

Kirk laughed. "I've never tried, but you may be right."

Spock turned his attention back to Kirk's erection, which had softened somewhat during the conversation. He bent slowly and took it in his mouth, sucking hungrily. Kirk's fingers entwined in the silky black hair, directing the motions eagerly. The organ came alive again in Spock's mouth, pulsing strongly. After a moment, Spock lifted his head.

"Much better," Kirk evaluated. "But use more tongue."

Spock looked at him sharply, but saw the humorous twinkle in the bright eyes. He smiled.

"Perhaps you should demonstrate the technique?"

Kirk laughed again, lightly, freely. "Spock, the subtlety of your maneuver is beyond compare. You've always been a brilliant tactician. Turn around, then."

The Vulcan obeyed and Kirk teased his cock with swirling tongue and provocative caresses, driving Spock to return them voraciously. They settled down to a mutual rhythm of sucking, bodies swaying in delightful acceptance. The passion burgeoned until they were both close to the edge of releasing it, and they broke away simultaneously, regaining control with deep, ragged breaths.

Spock moved around to hold Kirk again, kissing him deeply, running his tongue over the even line of teeth, down to the strong throat and up to nibble on the small, perfect ears. He began licking like a cat, relishing the salty taste of the smooth skin as he made his way down the chest, licking the hard nipples in bold strokes of his tongue.

He felt a touch on his hair and looked into the hazel eyes.

"Spock, I want..." Kirk was hesitant, almost shy. "I want to fuck you again...but only if you ...want me to. Not like the last time. I don't want to hurt you."

"Yes. Yes, I want you."

Kirk brushed the dark bangs so softly they hardly stirred. "I don't want to hurt you," he repeated.

"Do not be concerned. This will be different. You will not be taking...we will both be giving freely." He rolled onto his back, and pulled Kirk on top of him, kissing him fiercely.

Kirk lifted his head, eyes very serious. "If I was really ready to...give, I would let you.... But I can't. Not yet."

"It does not matter. We can share the sensations...this way--" Spock raised his hand to Kirk's forehead.

Kirk wrenched back sharply. "No!"

"You are afraid?"

"No.... All right, I am. I can't give myself this easily, Spock. My body or my mind. All I know how to do is take. Maybe I can't change at all."

"But you <u>do</u> trust me now?"

"I trust you enough to think you're right--I do need this...gentleness...very badly. But I can't